

## NEW MOON.

Once when the new moon glittered  
So slender in the West,  
I looked across my shoulder,  
And a wild wish stirred my breast.

Over my white right shoulder  
I looked at the silver hair,  
And I wished a wish at even,  
To come to pass in the morn.

Whenever the new moon glittered  
So slender and so fine,  
I looked across my shoulder,  
And I wished that wish of mine.

Now, when the West is racy,  
And the snow-wreaths bluish below,  
And I see the light white crescent  
Sink downward soft and slow.

Never look over my shoulder,  
As I used to look before;  
For my heart is older and colder,  
And now I wish no more.

## A SUM IN ARITHMETIC.

There came into our school one day  
A white-lad named Tommy Dole,  
He greeted us, and sitting down,  
He said he would like to rest awhile.

'Twas time to have Arithmetic,  
The teacher said: "Now all give heed;  
Put up your books and take your slates,  
And do the sum which I will read."

Our books went in, our slates came out,  
And then the teacher read the sum;  
We tried and tried and tried again,  
But couldn't make the answer come.

And then the old man said to us—  
With kindness twinkling in his eyes—  
"Who gets the answer first shall have  
A silver shilling for a prize."

Then Tommy Dole resolved to cheat,  
And, slyly taking out his book,  
When he supposed he was not seen,  
A hasty glance inside he took.

At once the answer Tommy finds,  
"And now I've got it, sir," he cries;  
The teacher thinks Tom worked the sum,  
And tells him he has won the prize.

But that old man had seen it all;  
Those twinkling eyes had watched the trick.  
"Well done, my boy," he said; "you seem  
To understand Arithmetic."

"But now, before I give the prize,  
I'll let you try a harder sum;  
Another shilling you shall have  
If you can tell how that is done."

And then, with kindest voice and look,  
He gently said to Tommy Dole:  
"What shall it profit you, my lad,  
To gain the world and lose your soul?"

Then Tommy Dole hung down his head,  
The tears began to fill his eyes,  
And all the scholars wondered why  
He would not take the silver prize.

—*Congregationalist.*

## THE WHITE LADY OF WATFORD.

Of all the thousands who, passing through the English collection in the Centennial Exhibition of pictures, have stopped with something like amazement in their admiration before Pettie's wonderful work that hangs between the three Tadammas and the portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, how many know the story of the picture, or even its history?

Every body must stop and gaze at it, and, although what we technically call a "nude," it is unlike any other representation of the female form and character that is to be found in these crowded galleries. The canvas is only 30 by 40 inches, and represents a beautiful girl standing upon the edge of a brook in a dense and tangled grove. It is night, and a soft ray of moonlight falling through the trees touches her white face and body, and glorifies them with a luster which, though purely material, instantly suggests to the senses that preternatural "shining white" spoken of in Scripture, and always associated in our minds with the spiritual body.

You do not ask yourself why the girl is there in the shadows of the wood unlit, for it appears eminently proper that she should be there. She is indeed a part of the scene. With one hand resting upon the bole of an old oak, she leans slightly forward as if to look under the interlacing branches into the darkness and distance where there glimmers a far-away light. The night air lifts the ends of her long tresses gently and ripple the surface of the black pool. She is listening.

Any thing more beautiful than the attitude and expression of the woman I have not seen conveyed in color. Every line in her body is a curve of beauty, indicating health, elasticity, vigor and grace; but the combination is softened and enriched with an ideal that is rare. The unobtrusive innocence and chastity, the luminous poetic atmosphere, the mystery and romance, aside from the technical excellence of the work, give the picture a character and a charm at once distinctive and novel. It is a portrait of a woman who lived in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the artist made an attempt to commemorate an actual incident in her life. The facts of that life have been gathered by that arduous antiquary, William Beckwith Forster, and it is upon the basis of his strange but intensely interesting narrative that Mr. Pettie made his picture.

From this narrative we learn that Sir William Richardson lived in Herefordshire on an ancestral estate of several hundred acres, which ran to the base of the Malvern hills, and was partly overlooked by the remains of an old Roman fortress, still to be seen, and which is known as the "Herefordshire Beacon." Sir William lost his wife while visiting the Marquesas islands in 1794, where he had been sent as a government commissioner. The lady had but just arrived and was being brought ashore, when the boats containing her party were attacked by a large body of naked savages who were in the water, and who had successfully disarmed suspicion by pretending to exhibit their skill as swimmers. Lady Richardson, who was pregnant at the time, was saved from violence, and the savages were repulsed, but the fright proved too great, and, after giving birth to a female child, she died.

Heartbroken, Sir William returned to England, a few months later, with his child, and, retiring from public service, settled upon his estate in Herefordshire, where his daughter grew up. At the age of 18, she was beautiful enough to attract the attention of all the neighboring gentry. But with all her loveliness she possessed certain traits of character which neither education nor association could eradicate or modify. Accomplished and refined, she still evinced a curious love of freedom and a strange passion for the water. No one in the county could ascend the Malvern hills as she, and often her father and his companion found her, when still a mere child, worn out

with fatigue, in the almost inaccessible ruins of the "Beacon."

At the age of 20, formal suit was made to her by Lieut. Craddock Hampden, the son of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in St. Albans. The match was a prosperous one, and without impediment; the young people were passionately attached to each other, and the parents favored the alliance. Archibald Hampden spent much of his time at Sir William Richardson's house. He appears to have been a rather austere Puritan, and no doubt connected with the Hampden stock of Warwickshire, for he figured extensively in what were known as the "hop troubles" of that year, taking sides vigorously against the common people of the county and himself leading a troop of gentry against a riotous gathering of the hop-pickers. Although these troubles were speedily repressed, a great deal of annoyance was inflicted upon the landowners for a long time after in revenge, and no one ever suffered more than the Hampdens. At this time, arose the first stories of the "White Woman of Watford." They were regarded as the superstitious legends of the common people generally, and no special significance was attached to them, until Sir William's barn was one night burned, and several of the hop-pickers insisted that it was set on fire by the "White Woman of Watford," and then it was insisted upon by the elder Hampden that it was a convenient myth upon which these people foisted their own mischief. Others, however, with a love of mystery, made patient inquiries long after concerning the white woman, and the results may be found in Sheldrake's "Legend of St. Albans." Here we come across the ghostly tradition of a beautiful spirit that walked the banks of the Wyke at night. She was seen by belated travelers returning through the wood that bordered the Richardson domain, but she always vanished into thin air on being discovered.

One summer night, the older Hampden, while sitting in his library with his son, who had just ridden over from Sir William's, where he had spent the evening with his intended bride, was informed by his keeper that he had seen the "White Woman of Watford," and that two of the ricks were burning. With his usual promptitude the old man mounted his horse and, accompanied by his son and the keeper, all armed, set out to punish the outlaws. They were reinforced by Sir William on the way. There was a full moon, but it was obscured at intervals with clouds. They pursued the course of the Wyke, which is thickly wooded where it passes the Hampden and Richardson Parks. On reaching the valley at the foot of the hills the keeper, while in a lonesome place, swore that he saw the White Woman, and warned them to go no further. The irascible old trooper rated him soundly for being a superstitious poltroon, but no threats could induce him to continue the hunt. His words, as preserved by tradition, were: "You're fightin' agin heaven, and the blood will be on yourselves!"

The warning only served to still further incense the Hampden, who believed neither in wraiths nor fairies, and he swore to put a bullet into the White Woman that would test her spiritual nature if he came across her. They had not proceeded far when they heard the sound of distant singing. Dismounting, they crept through the copse to the stream, and then picked their way as noiselessly as possible along its margin. All at once one of the party uttered an exclamation and pointed through the trees:

"We are bewitched," he said; "look you!" The moon poured its silvery light through the vista, and they saw, or thought they saw, the figure of a woman intermingling with the light as though it had been born of it. Old Hampden lifted his gun and fired. The apparition vanished, nor could they discover any traces of it. Satisfied that it was in part an illusion, they set out to return. They had not proceeded far, before the figure reappeared. This time it was at a greater distance, and was leaning apparently against a tree. They stood a moment dazed with its lustrous beauty; one only of the party was unable to perceive anything, and he boldly denied its existence, and when the other described its position and whereabouts he suddenly and defiantly discharged his heavy weapon at it. As he did so the moon disappeared, and they were in darkness. They were, however, reinforced almost immediately by a number of the peasantry attracted by the noise of their guns. All the gentlemen were now in favor of abandoning what they believed a wild-goose chase. Not so Hampden; he alone insisted upon clearing up what he declared had been too long a mystery and a nuisance to the country. Forming the men into two parties, which were to converge from opposite sides of the stream a half-mile lower down, they set out once more. Another incident, however, modified the leader's plan, and added to the disinclination of the men to go on. When they returned to their horses it was found that the animal which had been ridden by the elder Hampden had broken loose and disappeared, in consequence of which the gentleman was forced to continue the hunt on foot, which he did at the head of the villagers. About half a mile down the stream was a ford; the place was known as "St. Alban's Well." Young Hampden, who had preceded his party some distance, reached the well alone, just as the moon emerged from the clouds and lit up the scene brilliantly. No sooner had his horse crossed the little river and approached the blasted oak that overhangs the well than he was struck dumb with amazement and horror, for, lying there as if dead, with the blood oozing from her white breast and her long hair wound about her as if to shield her, was the daughter of Sir William and the woman he was to make his wife. For a moment he believed himself to be the victim of some cruel incantation, but the voices of the approaching villagers warned him. In a few moments they would be upon him. With the alacrity and courage of a true gallant, his instinct was at once to save her from exposure and danger. He lifted her up on his horse, stripped himself of what clothing would answer the purpose, and draped and guarded he led his precious

but unconscious burden noiselessly away from the pursuers.

Twice the pursuing party came so near them that it was only by the most adroit maneuvering that he escaped. He heard them shouting his name through the woods, but he passed on and succeeded in getting his charge safely home and in preserving the secret from the world. Shortly afterward they were married, and the stories of the "white lady" grew, and, spreading, attracted the attention of the chroniclers.

This substance is Forster's narrative. And it has pleased the world to accept it as a pretty story of somnambulism. Pettie adopted the current legend, and reproduced from an old miniature portrait of the Lady Hampden. For the purposes of art and poetry the story might be properly enough left where these workers have brought it. But there is another and a curious physiological side to it.

Lady Hampden died in 1828, and it appears that one of her daughters inherited her peculiarities. There is in the "Warwick Register" of a succeeding year a curious account of an accident which befell a lady living upon the borders of Warwickshire. Her nude body was found in a neighboring grove, one morning, and the post-mortem examination decided that she died of fright. This was the daughter of Lady Hampden. In preparing the papers which were subsequently published under the title of "The Night Side of Nature" Mrs. Crowe for some reason rejected one which, in attempting to throw a new light upon "The White Lady of Watford," brought to the surface a number of extraordinary facts.

This paper, prepared by a physician who has since become eminent in the psychologic science, was afterward read before the British pneumatological society, and is at present a part of their archives. It purports to show that the origin of the stories of the White Lady of Watford and the cause of the death of Lady Hampden's daughter are to be found not in apparition, nor yet in somnambulism, but in what he calls cumtania, and he proceeds to give a number of cases similar to that already narrated, in which an irresistible desire (amounting often to disease) to free the body from its conventional covering, has given rise to the most ridiculous and unwarranted stories. He also declares that, while this mania has oftenest manifested itself in women, it is not necessarily associated with immodesty. It is an organic impulse which is some way connected with the health of the individual, and may be transmitted through a whole generation. He says that several members of the Hampden family were well aware of Lady Hampden's nocturnal excursions, and that they did not attempt to interfere with them, but merely took such precautions as prevented her exposure. This reads curiously enough, but, when the doctor declares that she could not have lived if she had not been allowed to take this bath of freedom, or astonishment is softened into pity for the eccentric invalid.

How far the misadventure with the savages in the Marquesas may have influenced the progeny of the Hampdens can safely be left to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes to determine in fiction.—*New York World.*

## Killing a Polar Bear—An Unpleasant Encounter on the Ice.

The skin of a polar bear has been received by a gentleman in this city, says the *Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin*, from a friend at Cumberland Inlet, with an account of its capture, as follows: A party of men from the Isabella, including a number of Esquimaux, were walking on the ice a short distance from the ship, when, rounding a hummock, we unexpectedly discovered at a short distance from us a large bear, quietly feeding. We would have returned to the ship without disturbing it, as we were armed with only one rifle and a few spears carried by the natives, had not one of the dogs that were with us announced our presence by a loud bark. The bear, as soon as it saw the intruders, began to advance slowly toward us, but was met by the dogs, who attacked him vigorously, but with little effect. He shook them off, injuring three of them so badly that they had to be killed, and continued to advance. We discharged the rifle and then fled to the ship, where we armed ourselves and came out to look after the bear, who had disappeared behind one of the numerous hummocks.

We had searched for some time, when, as one of the Esquimaux passed the corner of a hummock he came face to face with the infuriated animal. He gave a fearful cry, just as the brute struck him with one of its immense paws. The rest of us heard the cry and rapidly surrounded the bear, which stood perfectly still over the Esquimaux. We fired sixteen shots, twelve of which entered its body, before it received the death-wound. The native was insensible when we picked him up, and badly torn about the shoulder by the bear's claws, but will recover. We took the body of the bear on a sledge to the ship; it weighed 1,575 pounds, and measured ten feet and one inch from nose to tail.

## A Big Hunt.

The biggest job of deer hunting on record for several years in Southern Colorado occurred on Monday, at the head of Gurneys Canyon, about ten miles from this place. The successful Nimrods that did the job were Ed. Small, a sixteen-year-old boy, and Dr. Parsons, of Missouri. They killed nine deer, including one buck, one of which was slain late in the evening, of which they lost trace in the darkness. Mr. J. W. Smith went out yesterday and brought in six of them, which we saw with our naked eyes. The girls now say that though Ed. is not their little dear, he is the dearest boy in Trinidad by half a dozen. Ed. is holding a pretty high head now, and says we must not say anything more about old Nimrod; he is completely laid in the shade. Altogether, Ed. killed five, and Dr. Parsons four, three of which were killed Tuesday.—*Trinidad (Col.) Enterprise.*

## THE FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

Gas to Take the Place of Coal and Wood—Enormous Waste of Heat in Furnaces and Stoves.

There is, probably, no branch of engineering skill in which so little improvement has been made and in which there is so wide and inviting a field for the exercise of ingenuity as in the utilization of fuel. Prof. Gruner states:

"In the wind furnace, which is from this point of view the most imperfect apparatus, there is utilized in the fusion of steel in crucibles, but 1.7 of the total heat capacity of the fuel, or at most 3 per cent. of the heat generated. In the reverberatory, when steel is melted in crucibles, the useful effect is 2 per cent. of the total heat, or 3 per cent. of the heat generated. In the Siemens crucible furnaces, 3 to 3.5 per cent.; in Siemens' glass-furnaces, operating on a large scale, 5.50 to 6 per cent.; in ordinary glass-furnaces, 3 per cent.; in fusion upon the open hearth of a reverberatory, of glass, 7 per cent.; of iron, 8 per cent.; in well arranged Siemens and Ponsard furnaces, up to 15, 18 and even 20 per cent. of the total heat is utilized."

It is safe to assume that in ordinary steam engines, where the steam is generated in plain cylinder boilers, the economy attained in the use of fuel is not much greater than in reverberatory furnaces, while in domestic use, in open grates especially, it is doubtful if as large a percentage of the heat capacity of the fuel is utilized. Yet though the extreme wastefulness of our methods of using fuel have long been subject of remark, no inventor has yet explored with success a field that offers a prize greater than the princely reward of the fortunate inventor of the Bessemer process for making steel. There are many causes which contribute to the enormous waste experienced in the consumption of fuel. Among the most important is the large amount of heat absorbed in the furnace itself, in the gasification of the carbon—that is, in the preparation of the fuel for combustion, and, further, in the fact that the quantity of nitrogen admitted with the atmospheric air necessary to furnish the oxygen for combustion is so great that it materially reduces the temperature of the furnace, and, as a consequence, reduces, in a still more rapid ratio, the effective work performed by the fuel. The maximum of economy would naturally seem to be attained by admitting to the combustion chamber fuel in a condition ready to burn, i. e., in a gaseous form, and in the form of the gas or gases possessing the highest temperature of combustion. Hydrogen and carbonic oxide seem to be the most available, and so generally has this fact been recognized that for many years efforts have been made to manufacture these gases by the decomposition of water in contact with coal; these efforts have not until recently been successful in an economical sense. The reports we have published from time to time during the past year or two, recording the performances of the Lowe gas process, seem to place the matter of the economical manufacture on a large scale, of water gas of a very high calorific value, among the settled questions. It is not of illuminating gas, however, that we would now speak, but of heating gas, for we are convinced that the question of the economical production of a good heating gas once settled, the business of manufacturing it greatly overshadows by its enormous proportions that of making illuminating gas. There is scarcely a use to which we now apply coal in our cities that would not be benefited by the substitution of heating gas if the price were sufficiently low. It is said that water gas, manufactured according to the Lowe system, can be made at a cost not to exceed fifteen cents per 1,000 cubic feet, a figure which should allow of its distribution, in the enormous quantities required for domestic and manufacturing purposes, at a very small price, say fifty cents per 1,000 feet. If water-gas, having more than four times the calorific value of Siemens' gas, can be produced here in the seaboard cities, where coal costs from \$4 to \$5 a ton, by the Lowe or any other process, at a cost of fifteen cents per 1,000 feet, it must be evident that a new era in the development of industry is dawning upon us. It is not too much to expect that, under these circumstances, gas would take the place of coal in most uses; its cleanliness, even if there were no great economy, would secure that result for domestic use, and the increased efficiency and convenience of gas and the improved quality of the products obtained by its use would be sufficient to secure its adoption for manufacturing purposes. When we consider the question of the distribution of gas for fuel, for domestic purposes, the high calorific power of the gas becomes still more important than when it is manufactured directly at the works at which it is used. We confidently anticipate the introduction, before the lapse of many years, of heating gas for general domestic use; but though this will be attended with an enormous economy in the consumption of coal, we see nothing in it to injuriously affect the coal trade. Experience has shown that every economy in the use of fuel has been followed by such a great and rapid development of the industries using coal, that the total consumption of this has increased, instead of diminished. If but half of the coal now consumed in this city were converted into heating gas, at some central works, and distributed, as illuminating gas now is, it would more than do the work now done by the coal sold. But, with the great reduction in the cost, and facility in the use of heat, it would quickly be employed in a multitude of ways not now thought of, and not only the cooking and heating would be done by gas, but much of the work done by our servants would be performed by machinery; manufacturing of all kinds, and particularly those small industries that can be carried on in private houses, would multiply to an unheard-of extent. Our mills and machine-shops, factories and furnaces, able to save enormously in their fuel item, would find wider markets for their products, and in a thousand other ways the consumption of fuel would be so greatly increased that the demands for coal would be fully maintained, and would soon assume propor-

tions exceeding the most extravagant views of our most sanguine "coal men."—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

## An Old Railroader's Thrilling Story.

AURORA, Ind., Nov. 23.—Yesterday morning, while two men, employees of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Company, were on their way to their work in the car-shops of the company, one mile west of this place, their attention was attracted by a boot-heel, freshly torn off, sticking in the "frog" of the railroad track, a short distance from the shops. They stopped a moment to examine it, and found that the heel was so securely fastened in the iron "frog" that it required a smart blow with a crutch (one of the men had lost a leg) to remove it. Long nails protruded from the heel, and all the evidence went to show that it had taken a considerable effort to tear it from the boot. "It appears to me," said one of the men, "that some fellow has had a narrow escape from being run down by a train last night, or else he has been badly frightened and wrenched his boot-heel off when there was no occasion for it." "It reminds me," replied his companion in a low tone, "of a little adventure that happened to me several years ago upon the Pan Handle road. I was then a young man, but it isn't likely that I'll forget it," and he cast a rueful glance at the empty leg of his pants. "The story is soon told," he went on, turning the boot-heel over in his hand as if to find inscribed upon it a story similar to his own. "I was walking on the track near Cadiz Junction, in Ohio. It was one dark and blustery night in February, and a heavy snow-storm was prevailing at the time. The snow and wind beating into my face was almost sufficient to have blinded one had it been broad daylight. I was walking briskly along, not dreaming of any harm—in fact, sir, I was then returning from a visit to my sweetheart, who had that evening promised to be my wife—when suddenly I found my boot-heel fastened between two rails, where a side track joined the main track, just as this heel was fastened in the frog here at our feet. At that moment I heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive, and looking up the track I saw, through the blinding snow, a light bearing down upon me. I had passed the depot a few minutes previous and had noticed several persons standing on the platform. The persons were waiting for a train and here was one coming! It was an unusual hour for a train, and the idea of meeting one had not occurred to me before, but now the awful truth flashed upon me. I made a desperate effort to release my foot and the horror of my situation was increased a hundred fold when I found that it was securely fastened between the rails. The light was so close that its reflection upon the new-fallen snow blinded me. As a man will in a like situation, I thought of a thousand things in an instant. I thought of my aged parents, of events of my past life, of my promised bride; and the thought that I should be torn from her, or what was worse, be maimed for life, was infinitely more dreadful than the thought of death. But I'll not trouble you with these painful details. What I supposed to be the headlight of a locomotive was blazing, like the fires of—, right in my face. It was this leg that was fastened," he said, swinging his stump back and forth, "and I just threw myself—." "Yes, yes," interrupted his companion, with blanched cheeks, "you threw yourself to one side and the engine severed your leg from your body!"

"Not exactly," returned the storyteller, smiling blandly upon his victim. "The truth is, sir, I am almost ashamed to say that the light did not proceed from a locomotive, but from the lantern of a watchman who happened to be coming down the track."

"And the shrill whistle that you heard?"

"That, I presume, came from a one-horse saw-mill not far off."

"But your leg—how did you lose that?"

"As many another brave man has lost his," came the answer, accompanied by a heavy sigh, and a far-away look as if to recall the scenes of some field of battle; "I fell under a mowing-machine and had it chopped off."

"Well, all I have to say," replied his companion, somewhat disgusted at the turn the romance had taken against him, "all I have to say is that I hope your girl went back on you and married an ax-handle-maker or some one who could make her happy."

"She stuck to me," said the romancer, "stuck to me through good and evil report, and married me—married me one rapturous evening in the merry month of May, and now," and his voice grew husky with emotion, "and now I'd give the top of this bald and beetling pate if she hadn't!"

He turned his face away to hide his tears, and the two walked slowly into the nearest saloon.—*Chicago Times.*

## Carved Legs Necessary.

The San Francisco *News Letter* tells a pleasant tale of a farmer's wife from Blind Gulch, who went to town to buy a music-box or something of the sort for the girls at home. She had \$500 tied up in a handkerchief and attached to the hay-bands which formed her bustle. After she had looked at a dozen or more pianos she remarked to the clerk: "You can't fool me with no pianos as has got smooth legs like that. I'll have 'em carved if I die first." The astute manager signaled to a musician to try a richly carved "square grand," but she protested that she didn't want funeral music in her house. There was a change of instrument, and what was more important, a new tune—"The Mulligan Guards." The old lady was delighted. It was the "kind of box as would suit the gals." She bought it.

His Highness the Nawab of Loharu has sent a remarkably diminutive Nepali pony, which is only eight inches high, to the young Maharajah of Patiala. The pony is a perfect miniature of a well-bred horse, and is highly valued by the natives.

## The King of Abyssinia.

King John of Abyssinia is described by M. de Larsech, the French Consul, as a man about 30 years old, of middle height, slim, with black hair, energetic eyes, slightly curved nose, small mouth, and a face deeply bronzed. He is extremely agile, excels in all games, is brave to temerity, impassive as a Hindu, and the best rider in the country. When the Consul entered the palace the King was squatted in Ethiopian fashion on a raised red and gold dais ascended by nine steps. He was robed in an ample cloak of gold cloth, and wore on his head the triple crown of Ethiopia, resembling the crown of Solomon. Around were the feudatory princes, with costly white and purple garments, each wearing a light crown. On both sides of the hall were ranged the crown vassals, and on one of the steps reclined Argos, one of the four lions which, according to etiquette, precede the King in battle. When the Khedive's army invaded Abyssinia, and King John was starting to meet them, an earthquake occurred, scattering stones and dust over the terrified cavalcade. The King leaped from his charger, kissed the ground, and cried in ecstasy: "Thus wilt thou engulf our enemies!" After two great battles, in which the Egyptians were badly beaten, he wrote to the Consul: "How are you? Myself and soldiers are safe and sound. Of all Egyptians who have invaded my country not one survives. My heart rejoices. Come now without loss of time."

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Messrs. Weeks & Potter, Gentlemen,—Please send me six COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS. I send by return express, if I think them the best Plaster I ever used. I am sorry that the druggists here do not keep them. Please find money enclosed. F. M. SNIDER.

MILFORD, DEL., July 14, 1878. HASKELL LEWIS.

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Messrs. Weeks & Potter, Gentlemen,—Please send me another COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER. I find them to be an excellent Plaster,—the best that I have ever used. I am sorry that the druggists here do not keep them. Please find money enclosed. F. M. SNIDER.

BROADWAY, O., July, 1878.

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Address: F. P. HORTCHES & Co., Bureau for Sale of Farms, 142 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill.

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